

TIE-UP IN SUBWAY DUE TO TRAIN LINE RUNNING "DEAD"

Ten-Car Express in Rush
Hour Caught Approaching
Clark Street Tunnel.

STATION IS FLOODED.

Borough Hall Has Four
Inches of Water Early in
the Day.

For the second time in as many days, the signal system in the Interborough subways became deranged this morning, resulting in demoralized service during part of the rush hour and adding one more to the several tie-ups during the month. This time the trouble originated near the Brooklyn approach of the Clark Street tunnel.

The trouble was caused by what is known as the train line of a ten-car express going dead as it approached the Clark Street tunnel Manhattan bound. The train line controls the lighting and power of the ten cars. This was at 5:20 o'clock and instantly all red light signals in that block became permanently set against other trains.

Another express bound to Manhattan immediately behind the stalled train stopped for a reasonable period, when its motorman deduced that something was wrong. He put on his power and proceeded cautiously toward the Clark Street tunnel. Each time he passed a signal he was forced to look his automatic power control in order to get past it. Normally these automatic power controls bring a train to a stop when a red signal is disregarded.

Arrived at the stalled train the motorman pushed it through the tunnel to Chambers Street, where its passengers were discharged. Then the disabled train was pushed to 72d Street, but by this time I. R. T. workers had adjusted the trouble and the train proceeded north under its own power and taking on a new load of passengers.

Later the Interborough officials announced that the delay occasioned by the accident was about ten minutes at the most, but thousands of persons who arrived at their Manhattan offices from twenty to thirty minutes late found this difficult to believe.

The Borough Hall Station of the B. R. T. subway at Montague and Court Streets, Brooklyn, was flooded with four inches of water this morning by a downpour of rain that started at 9:40 o'clock. As a result, thousands of persons on their way to offices in Manhattan were forced to walk a block in the driving rain to the other end of that station or to the Interborough Station.

The flood of the subway was caused by a defective sewer at Montague and Court Streets. Water poured into the mezzanine floor of the subway station where the ticket choppers are located and backed up until it was four inches deep. Employees of the road rushed to the entrance to detain passengers to the other entrance of the station at Montague and Clinton Streets, a block away, and passengers were forced to walk this block in a heavy rain.

Police were rushed to the scene and handled the resultant crowds, while other B. R. T. employees armed themselves with heavy brooms and swept the water off the runways. Ten minutes later the ticket office was re-opened.

At Canal Street, on the Manhattan side, where Brooklyn passengers are accustomed to walk a block to the Broadway subway after receiving transfers, were permitted to walk around the station platforms this morning because of the heavy rain.

SAYS WOMAN KIDNAPPED HER

Josephine Costana of Jersey City
Returns to Home.

Charging that she was kidnapped by a woman she met in a candy store near her home last December and that she was forced to live the life of a trapeze artist on a farm twelve miles from Stroudsburg, Pa., for the last nine months, Josephine Costana, sixteen, of No. 272 Grove Street, Jersey City, was returned to her home today by Capt. of Detectives Frank A. Bennett of that city. Police are investigating the girl's story that the woman asked the girl to take a trolley ride and then kidnapped her.

Young-Old-Lady of Newark, Full of "Pep" at 99 Years, Says Work, Sing, Live Long



Mrs. Elizabeth Caddock, Entering Her Centennial
Year, Can Hear Perfectly, and Read and Sew
Without Glasses—Still an Optimist.

By Fay Stevenson.

SHE'S ninety-nine and still enjoys her cup of tea! In fact she enjoys beefsteak, French fried potatoes and a good steaming hot cup of coffee with real cream.

And what is more she can sew and read without glasses, hear you without asking "How?" smile at a good joke and tell you about the old days in Newark as well as all the present-day events.

She is Mrs. Elizabeth Caddock of No. 128 Smith Street, Newark, N. J., and when one has rounded out ninety-nine years of life, is the mother of four children, grandmother of twenty-one and great grandmother of twenty-three, it all seems well worth while—this game of life.

Recently I have interviewed a number of people who have reached the century mark, or at least were headed in that direction, but with the exception of Dr. Stephen Smith, Mrs. Caddock is the best preserved, physically and mentally. When I arrived at the pretty Newark house, where she makes her home with her son, Charles T. Caddock, I found this very little woman sitting up upon the enclosed porch busily engaged making a fancy pincushion.

"Come right in," she cordially responded to my inquiry for the young lady of ninety-nine. "Here I am, just as I am. I'll take off my apron if you want me to. I still want to look my best, although I have been a widow for about thirty years."

Last night Mrs. Caddock had her birthday party and the huge bunches of gladioli, roses, asters and early chrysanthemums told the story of family devotion and many friends. A large birthday cake, with a heart in the center and 99 was another gift which stood within the view of this grand little lady.

Never before have I met any one of her age who could flash an answer back so quickly and who understood the spirit of the occasion so well. Mrs. Caddock's eyes look a little tired and perhaps are the only indication of her approach to the century mark, but these very eyes need no glasses for perusal of the paper and permit her to see many fancy stitches every day.

No one need fear to live to be

one hundred if he can enjoy even fairly good health," said Mrs. Caddock as an optimistic smile played about her lips. "The main thing about getting old is to keep away from the blues and live in the past. To-day is good enough for me, I try to be happy and get the most out of every day."

"Like all people who are getting along, I rise early. I am always up at 6 o'clock in the morning and if my daughter-in-law isn't awake by seven I call her."

"Daughter-in-law" nodded her head and said: "I was called at quarter of seven this morning."

"Then," continued Mrs. Caddock, "the moment I got up I begin to sew. There was a time when I got the breakfast, but the people in this house seem to think it would be all wrong to let a lady of ninety-nine get their breakfast for them, so they give me the job of timing the eggs. However, I do a little more about dinner. I always fix the vegetables, pare the potatoes with parings as thin as paper, you know, and make all the sauce in the house—and sometimes, when I feel particularly kitchinish, I make a three layer cake."

"Three years ago, when I was ninety-six, I had an apartment and did all my own work. It was not a bit too much for me to roll up my sleeves and wash the sheets and table cloths. I couldn't stand waiting around for those airy-fairy wash ladies to come in at 10. My work was all done by that time when I was head of my own home."

"Work, good hard work, is the making of any housewife and the more she does the better she will feel. Don't you suppose it's better to push a carpet sweeper or a vacuum cleaner around than to see a moving picture about 'Why Husbands Leave Home,' and sit so long your feet get the cramps? Why, of course it is."

Mrs. Caddock clapped her little hands together in glee and picked up her pincushion again. There was no reason in the world why she couldn't sew and talk too.

"You see the reason so many women dislike their housework," she continued, "is because they put it off. They read a novel, look through the papers, call up some woman friend on the telephone or even hang out the window before they do up the breakfast dishes and make the beds. Along about 10:30 or 11 they yawn and begin to collect egg bowls and coffee cups for the dishwasher. Of course they don't feel particularly what is it you say, 'peppy?' Yes, that's the word I want."

"But how did you keep so fit?" "By being busy all the time, and by being so happy that I sing at my work. I never had time for fancy clothes, for shows or eating food which would make me lute. When I finished my housework I had plenty of sewing. In my younger days I made my own clothes and those of my children. Then I began to decorate my home with pillows, bed quilts, pincushions and those other feminine nick-nacks. I am still doing that to-day."

"If you want to live to be a hundred it doesn't so much matter what you eat or what you drink. The thing that counts is thinking right thoughts—happy ones—and keeping busy. I can still eat a good juicy piece of beefsteak and relish it after dinner I take up my sewing or a good book and am myself so

DICK CANFIELD JR. DIES OF POISONING ABOARD STEAMER

Son of New York's Famous
Gambler Was Heir to
\$1,000,000.

LOS ANGELES, Aug. 26.—Richard Canfield Jr., heir to \$1,000,000 and son of the late Richard Canfield, New York's famous gambler, is dead, according to word received to-day by Verge & Wilson, the young man's attorneys.

Canfield, it is said, died while aboard ship three days out of Honolulu from poisoning while en route to Honolulu.

Young Canfield arrived in Hollywood the early part of last spring from Boston, where he had been the chief factor in several escapades. Leaving the home of Mrs. Elizabeth Stack, now in Europe, Canfield proceeded to keep open house.

As a result of his desire to be a genial host, he was arrested on the night of June 15 last, charged with disturbing the peace. Brought before Police Judge Chambers, he was found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine of \$500 and serve thirty days in jail. Canfield's attorneys immediately appealed and pending the hearing he was allowed his liberty under \$500 bail lent to him by Clara Whipple Young.

Two weeks later he was again arrested on the same charge, but pleaded not guilty and asked for a jury trial. The case was set for the early part of September and his bond placed at \$200. July 24 with a number of friends he sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu.

Bald Tiny Quits Home at Praise Of Big Dog's Hair

Restorers Failing, He Dis-
appears, and Landlady
Fears Worst.

Tiny is—or was—a dog with an inferiority complex. He felt that he was lacking in red blood and virility, and he knew that he was lacking in hair and he was obviously ashamed of himself. There was nothing really evil about him, but he considered himself an outcast just the same, and now it is feared that he has either committed suicide or sought a boot-legger—which in his case probably would amount to the same thing.

He disappeared yesterday and no trace of him has been found. His landlady, Mrs. H. W. Kibbe, President of the Bide-a-Wee Home, No. 410 East 85th Street, says she will pay a reward to anybody who brings him back if he is still alive, but she hasn't very much hope.

"Tiny came to use ten years ago," she said, "and the most remarkable thing about him was his lack of hair. At first we thought it might be some illness, for he certainly did not look very robust. So we tried all sorts of hair tonics—quite in vain. Tiny remained bald as a billiard ball, a hard boiled egg, or an asphalt pavement. And the more we tried to raise hair on him the more worthy he seemed to think himself. The other dogs and even the cats looked at him disdainfully, and he withdrew from society."

"Lately he has been worse, and yesterday, when we received a handsome German police dog with a magnificent coat of hair, Tiny just whined a little, refused his luncheon, and went away without a word. We fear the worst."

"And the saddest thing about it is that his baldness was not really his fault. He was born that way, for he is part Mexican."

FIRE NEAR TOMBS SCARES WOMEN PRISONERS

Blaze Does \$25,000 Damages to
Old Building Across Street.

Smoke from a fire across the street at No. 89 Centre Street caused a panic among the 400 prisoners in the Tombs last night. There are thirty-five women prisoners on the Lafayette Street side of the prison, but they did not become excited until keepers started to close their windows.

They then shouted and rattled the cell doors in protest to such an extent that Deputy Warden Mills decided to leave the windows open.

The fire did \$25,000 damage in the three-story building, which is none other than the old New York City Jail, one of the most noted of the old New York law firms, once had offices in the building.

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George Hill of No. 1481 Amsterdam Avenue was held in \$2,500 bail today on charge of impersonating a police officer. He is alleged to have attempted to extort \$500 from Alexander Hazzell, head waiter of the Hotel Waldorf-Astoria, by threatening to arrest him as a violator of the Volstead act.

J. A. Stewart, Now 100 Years Old, Is Oldest Graduate of Columbia



JOHN A. STEWART
Aged New Yorker Spends
Most of Day Reading Let-
ters and Telegrams.

MORRISTOWN, N. J., Aug. 26.—Letters and telegrams from the foremost men in the country were received at the home of John A. Stewart here to-day, congratulating him on his one hundredth birthday. He is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the United States Trust Company, with which he has been connected for the last seventy years.

The aged banker spent most of the day reading the messages with his family. He appeared to be in the best of health and smiled as he read the letters of friends, some of whom he has not heard from in years.

Mr. Stewart was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln and one of the advisors of Grover Cleveland. For many years he enjoyed the friendship of the late J. P. Morgan, Andrew Carnegie and William Rockefeller. He was considered one of the ablest financial men of the country.

Mr. Stewart, who was born at Front and Fulton Streets, Manhattan, on Aug. 26, 1822, was educated in the public schools of Manhattan. He took a scientific course in Columbia University and is said to be the oldest living alumnus of that institution.

After a short experience as a civil engineer he became actuary of the United States Life Insurance Company and subsequently became secretary of that concern. In 1865 he was elected president of the company and retained the office until 1902.

"Stolen" Fur Neck Pieces Sold on Street Plain Trash

Beware of Youth Who Hints of Illicit Plunder—His
Stuff Honest but Worthless.

Have you ever, gentle, or wild, reader, been approached in the gloaming or at any other time by a furtive young man who offered to sell you a fur neckpiece at a bargain and gave you to understand, without saying so, that said fur neckpiece was the proceeds of a robbery? If so, you probably carried away the impression that you had been dealing with a seller of stolen goods.

If the experience of Judge Alfred J. Tully is common the young men who hover around trucks in Nassau Street Saturday afternoons stealthily offering fur neckpieces for sale are more or less honest salesmen. This is what happened to the judge:

He was leaving a barber shop in Walker Street yesterday evening when a young man stepped up to him from alongside a truck and offered to sell him a fur neckpiece for \$20. It looked like a regular fur neckpiece to the judge, being lined with satin and carrying an ornate label. The judge said he didn't have \$20 with him but would go and get it and be back in fifteen minutes.

He was back in fifteen minutes and trailing him were Detectives Raynes and Russo of the District Attorney's office. The young man was there with the fur neckpiece and he took the judge into a hallway to complete the sale.

TURNED BURGLAR TO BUY NEW SUIT

Wanted to Dress Up to Visit
Girl.

Policeman Winkler of the Hamilton Avenue Station, Brooklyn, says two men boasting a third over a transaction of a grocery store at No. 525 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, early to-day. The two outside ran, but Winkler pointed his revolver at the one inside, made him come close to the front door, and then pointed on the glass until the grocer, who slept in the rear, was aroused.

He came out, unlocked the door and the burglar was handed over to the policeman. He is alleged to have taken \$6 from the cash register, which he said he needed to finish paying for a new suit he bought to call on his sweetheart to-day. He said he was Joseph Calano, twenty-two, No. 217 Van Brunt Street, Brooklyn. On information he furnished the police later arrested Joseph P. Coughlin, twenty-two, No. 23 Sullivan Street, Brooklyn, and Archie Monks, twenty-two, No. 86 Laugel Street, Brooklyn.

One is alleged to have possessed that the next new suit Calano would get would be a nice black one to be terror of the law.

Then saying that consideration must be given Wilcox's recent arrival and lack of knowledge about Prohibition Director Day's arrest, the Magistrate freed the prisoners.

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FIRST HIP TOTER ARRESTED IN CAFE IS FREED BY COURT

Chicagoan, on First Night
Here, Ignorant of
New Order.

Leonard Wilcox, manufacturer of No. 1234 State Street, Chicago, who last night was arrested with Felix Ravina, head waiter in the Prossody Restaurant as the first violator of recently issued Prohibition orders against public drinking from pocket flasks, was discharged to-day when arraigned before Magistrate McGowan in West Side Court. The waiter also was discharged.

Wilcox, who spent the night in the West 45th Street Police Station, his first night in New York this trip, explained that he had had no knowledge of the law.

"That is too bad," said the Magistrate, "but it is too late now. The law is framed for and you must respect it."

Then saying that consideration must be given Wilcox's recent arrival and lack of knowledge about Prohibition Director Day's arrest, the Magistrate freed the prisoners.

SPARKS KNOCKS OUT OBDRIN

DAYTON, O., Aug. 26.—Timothy Sparks of Cincinnati knocked out Obdrin of this city in the first round of a scheduled six-round bout.

SEEK ATTACKERS OF B. R. T. WOMAN AGENT AT STATION

Seized at Midnight, Her
Screams Put Two Assail-
ants to Flight.

Acting Chief Inspector Dominick Henry to-day took charge of the police search for the two men who attacked Mrs. Mary Pollack, thirty-eight years old, of No. 659 49th Street, Brooklyn, an extra ticket agent employed by the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company, just before midnight last night as she was about to report for duty at the station at 25th Street and Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn.

The attack was made about 100 feet from the station entrance in front of the yard gate of J. Myer & Son, monument makers. The two men attempted to drag Mrs. Pollack into the yard. She resisted vigorously, and her screams finally caused the two men to run away.

She then staggered into the station, where she collapsed. The agent she was to have relieved telephoned the police. Dr. McNis of the Norwegian Hospital treated Mrs. Pollack for hysteria and took her to her home.

All the detectives of the Fourth Avenue Station, in command of Capt. James H. Gilten, and a number of patrolmen searched the entire Greenwood Cemetery section, near where the attack was committed, without finding any trace of the two men.

8,000 PASSENGERS HERE FROM EUROPE ON SIX BIG LINERS

Two Die on Patria—Coal
Shortage May Keep Ship
Here.

Six ocean liners arrived at the Port of New York with the first big consignment of tourists returning from the summer abroad. There were about 8,000 passengers and they and their baggage taxed the customs and immigration officials in the effort to discharge them before Sunday. There were 3,361 cabin passengers on the six liners, as follows:

Patria, Fabre Line, 543; Caronia, Cunard, 543; Scythia, Cunard, Anchor, 541; America, United States Lines, 511; France, French Line, 725, and Ryndam, Holland-America Line. The Patria, which docked early this morning at the foot of 31st Street, Brooklyn, reported two deaths at sea.

One was Donald Lombarda, eleven, who started from Naples with her sister and brother, Teresa, fourteen, and Pasquale, nine, to visit their grandfather, Antonio Petrelli, No. 289 15th Avenue, Newark, N. J. She died from an acute stomach affection.

Calogero Bellidia, fifty-nine, a miner of New Pittsburg, Pa., died of a tracheitis while hurrying home to resume work. He had been informed the coal strike was over.

Capt. Pierre Dechelles of the Patria said he had been able to get very little coal in France and had to stop at the Azores. There he was given enough for the trip to New York and back to the Azores, practically exhausting the supply at the latter place. If he cannot get coal here, he said, he will be unable to return to France.

Porch Burglar Mines Pants on Staten Island

Closes to Eighty Robberies
Charged to Him Since
July 1.

Staten Island's porch climbing burglar put in a busy and profitable night, the police records indicate this morning. He entered four houses in the Concord section and got away with fifty-three dollars. Nobody saw or heard him. He has committed close to eighty burglaries since the 1st of July, and by moving from one section to another of the inadequately policed island has worked without interruption.

Harry Brown of No. 24 Metcalf Street, Concord, felt a void in his pocket when he put on his pants this morning. Investigation revealed that a burglar had climbed the rear porch, entered Mr. Brown's bedroom and abstracted \$11 from the aforesaid pants pocket.

Policeman George Meyer, who lives at No. 28, was also visited by the burglar, as a removed screen showed, but the cop's pants were intact. At No. 31 the burglar climbed the rear porch, removed a screen and then removed \$12 from the pants pocket of John Strickland.

There being no more houses in this block, the burglar went to Van Duzer Street and Osgood Avenue, where he climbed a porch at the rear of the residence of Dr. William Friedel, removed a screen and entered the doctor's bedroom. This doctor found his trousers on the roof of the porch this morning, damp and bereft of \$10.

AMERICA MUST ACT, COX SAYS, TO SAVE CENTRAL EUROPE

Favors Hoover on Repara-
tions Commission—Has
Message From Wirth.

LONDON, Aug. 26.—America must act to save the nations of Central Europe from complete dissolution, James M. Cox declared to-day in a statement based upon his observations on the Continent.

He recommended that Herbert Hoover should be designated by the United States to represent this country on the Reparations Commission, as he holds the confidence of America.

Mr. Cox conveyed a message from Chancellor Wirth of Germany to the people of the United States, given to him during a conference in Berlin. The message is:

"Unless the United States interests herself in Europe's affairs within a very short time all in Germany is lost, and all in Central Europe as well."

Mr. Cox said that there are three reasons why it is expedient for America to take a hand in European affairs. Present conditions afford an opportunity to relieve distress. Europe must be rehabilitated to provide a market for American products. If the world's debtors are permitted to go to ruin there will be no payment of interrelated debts.

Mr. Cox said: "The storm centre of the economic world is Central Europe. Those who have visited Austria and Germany are of one opinion regarding the state of things now and the tragic point to which both countries are drifting. Austria has reached the stage of almost complete dissolution. Germany's approach to the same condition is steadily marked by every passing hour."

"The nations of Europe are deadlocked on the reparations question. There seems to be no relief on this side of the Atlantic."

"The master key is held by the United States. No decision by England seems likely to be accepted by France. Unfortunately there is an anti-French feeling with the French. The French Government will not sanction any proposal from Germany which might approximate the readjustment figures now in the minds of French statesmen because that circumstance might be regarded by public opinion in France as a surrender to Germany. There the matter rests and every hour is fraught with danger."

'Yes,' She Says To Everything, And Plot Looms

But She's Only 5 and Police
Got Idea She Had Been
Kidnapped.

Bayonne, N. J., police scented a kidnapping mystery when Patrolman Donlin picked up a five-year-old girl opposite the station at 7 A. M. to-day. She could not tell where she lived.

"Did you come from far off?" she was asked.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did a strange man bring you?" "Yes."

A general alarm was sent to all New Jersey police headquarters, but two hours later Mrs. James Axton, living at No. 322 West 26th Street, Bayonne, four doors from Police Headquarters, claimed the child as her daughter Margie.

"She answers 'yes' to any question you ask her," she explained.

The Axtons only recently moved to No. 322.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

IT'S TOASTED

It's toasted. This oneextra process gives a delightful quality that can not be duplicated

Dispersal of type and release of order for the week of Monday, August 27, 1922. The order must be received by 1 P. M. on the day preceding publication. The order must be received by 1 P. M. on the day preceding publication. The order must be received by 1 P. M. on the day preceding publication.

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PANTOMIME



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